

WABASH SCRATCHES.

BY U. REQUEST.

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The Siege of Bucktown. OR, THE HEROES OF PORKOPOLIS, A Historical, Tragic Burlesque.

BY HOKLEY!

Persons Represented.

PORKOPOLITANS.

GENERAL TIGER, Commander of the white forces.
DICK MAYNARD, { His Aides.
DANIEL SPANGLER, {
CORPORAL SCHWIMMELLY, in Tiger's army
Twelve white soldiers.

DARKIES.

GEN. KITE, commander of the Bucktown forces.
COL. BUZZARD, his aide.
DIANA KITE, daughter of Gen. Kite.
AUNT SMITH, a washerwoman.
Eight black soldiers.

SCENE III.

Interior of a tent—a hoghead—two chairs—a
lighted candle—a musket with a bayonet, on
the floor—DIANA KITE, seated.

DIANA.—Hush be de hebbens in black—since Ti-
ger
Has proven false to dis poor female nigger!
Wid fearful rage I'll let my passion rise out,—
Wid fearful strength I'll scratch dat Tiger's eyes
out.

VOICES WITHOUT—SINGS.

We'll put you in de calaboose.
O don't rail out, for tis no use—
You'll only go to de calaboose.
O dance to de boatman, dance,
O dance to de boatman, dance;
We'll dance all night, till broad daylight,
And go home wid de gals in de mornin',
[Diana starts up, and comes front.

SONG—DIANA.

Air—"What fairy-like Music."

What fairy-like music steals over my hearing,
Enchanting de senses wid sounds so endearing?
'Tis de voice ob some darkey steals ober de plain,
As he yells out his lays wid a mouf-rending
strain. [Repeat.
De fies are all hushed, and de soldiers at rest;
Dey sleep like de dove on de purcupine's breast
Till de war-drum shall wake dem from out deir
dark caves
And rouse dem to glory or else to deir graves.
[Repeat.

[Enter GEN. KITE, L.]

GEN. K.—O daughter!

DIANA.—Fader!

GEN. K.—Is it you I see?

DIANA.—It is—it is! O fader, pardon me! [Kneels.

GEN. K.—Look up my lub,—look in dy fader's
face,

And ge his blessing. Dar is no disgrace
In makin' tracks to win anudder's lub.—
I'll forgib you but swear by all shub
Dat you will neber leabe your dotin' dad,
To break his heart,—and like a long-faced
Shud.

Belied quaker, sit wid closed mouf all day,
And cuss de hour his daughter ran away.

DIANA.—I does look up, and hope you will forgib
De daughter dat am got no right to lib!
O dad, you doesn't know de silent grief,
De loads ob misery beyond belief,
I've felt since I hab left my happy home,
Wid General Tiger eb'rywhar to roam!

GEN. K.—Has Gen. Tiger, since wid him you fled
Attempt wid Bucktown's fairest chile to wed,—
And she, by yieldin' gib a thunder-blow
To Col. Buzzard?

DIANA.—No, by hebbens—no!
I've found dis Gen. Tiger out at las'—
He's nothing but de brack-snake in de grass—
And radder dan be called de villain's wife,
I'd war wid him,—war! war, dad, to de kni-
GEN. K.—God bress you, chile; you's worthy of your
name,

And will for Bucktown win a glorious fame—
You see I've here by Col. Buzzard's aid,—
I hope by your sweet hand he'll be repaid;—
But he's not here—and black you can't get it
While dese here sentries is a walking 'bout.
Now if your honor Tiger should attack
I'll tell you how's de bery way to ac'—
Here, take dis musket,—dough its got no lock,
It is all her exceptin' half de stock,—
And if de General tries your lub to force,
Break loose from him wid power of a horse;
De muzzle of your gun place to your soul,
Jump to de fire, snatch up a burnin' coal,
And make de gun go bang. When you is out,
Reload de gun while yet de coal is hot;
Take steady aim at Gen. Tiger's head,
And when you meet again you'll bofe be dead!
DIANA.—All dis, dear dad, I promises—may me—
I'll shoot myself—den him—den all his race,—
Ob dem de world shan't hab a single trace!
GEN. K.—Den bress you, chile, for dis time is de
last

Dat here we meet. Dy tears am fallin' fast,—
But do not weep—when you again I see,
We'll bofe be in dat bright futurity
Whar white-trash dassent show deir cloven heel,
Nor moths corrupt, nor thieves break trough and
steal!

DIANA.—O, dis I cannot bear. Dear dad, I'll soon,
Unless you fatches water,—take a swoon.
My dizzy, heaby head begins to spin—
De way I butts de carf will be a sin! [Faints.
GEN. K.—What ho! widout dar!—fotch some wa-
ter, quick,—

Or Bucktown's daughter will de bucket kick!
[Enter GEN. TIGER, with a bucket of water,
which he dashes upon GEN. K.—his mask and
blanket fall off.]

GEN. K.—How now, thou devil's imp!—how came'st
thou here?

Has thirst for glory, whisky, love, or beer,
Thus forced thee to de hungry Tiger's den—
Seekest thou plunder?

GEN. K.—Dow wusser ob wust men!
Dow needn't go for say 'tis dy belief
Dat I came here to hook tings like a thief.
No, no! dow coward! But I came to free
De jewel dat dyself hab stole from me!
Dar, dull it lies—dat brilliant eye of Dine's
No more wid fiery, sparkling splendor shines.
GEN. T.—Then shalt thou follow her;—thy dusky
hall,

As dead Diana's, soon shall be as dull!
[Gen. Tiger draws—Gen. K. snatches the musket
with which he defends himself.]

Thou bloody Kite, take flight, or lay on light,—
And damned be he who hits with all his might!
GEN. K.—Recreant!—traitor!—dem words am your
last;—

Slabet—I hab sot my life upon a cast!

I'll fight it out,—from you I'll neber fly—
But I will stand de hazard ob de die!

[Enter Corp. S. and white soldiers, who seize
Gen. Kite.]

GEN. T.—So, So!—I have you safe, thou sable
fiend!
And from my soldiers' wrath I'll keep thee screen-
ed.

That I my sweet revenge on thee may work;
So, down with thee, and do not dare to speak!
[They pitch him into the hoghead, and fatten de
blanket over it.]

CORP.—Vell, Shen'ral, you'll pelieve me ven I toll,
Tat you ant I has done tat poorty vell.

GEN. T.—Swear, sons of Mare, on darkie's blood
you'll sup,

Since Bucktown's hero is now "headed up!"
[They kneel around Diana and raise their arms.]

ALL.—We swear this night on Ethiop's blood to
sup,

Since Gen'ral Kite at last is headed up!

[They about.] [CURTAIN FALLS.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Dungeon—Set door—chairs—
—dead march by orchestra—Enter Gen. Kite in
chains, led by Corp. S.—Corp. takes his
station at the door.

GEN. K.—Caged up at last;—fool'd duped on ob'ry
side!

O whar shall I my treasures dig?—
Chained, hand-cuffed in a dungeon!—damn—O
damn!

To be, or not to be, de question am;—
Wheder 'tis nobler in de mind to suffer
De stings and darts ob fortune—dat old buffer,—
Or take up arms against a sea ob troubles,
And, by opposing, and de cursed bubbles;
To lie,—to sleep,—while sleep our senses locks,
To end de thousands ob as tounding shocks
Dat flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. But O, damnation!—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, dar's de rub;
For in dat sleep ob deff what Tiger's cub
Might come, wid rat's-bane, or wid pizen'd oil,
To make meshuffle off dis mortal coil
But still I'll sleep. De hours is dull and long,—
[Lies down on chairs.

A song! a song! my kingdom for a song!
CORP.—Tunder ant blitzen!—do you tink tat I
Vould sing for von tamt nicker? No,—I'd die
Pefore I'd strain my lungs to sing for you;—
I'll sing to please mineself, olt chinger-plus.

[Comes front, and sings.—

"THE PIZING SARPENT."

[In Anglo-Dutch.]

[Gen Kite sleeps.

Tere, now—I've sung tat nicker fast to sleep;—
He looks so innocent as von tamt sheep.
But hark!—ish not tat tunderswells te gale!—
No,—'tis more chalk-eyes coming to te jail.
Vell, pring tem on;—pring in te whole compoo-
de.

Vell hang tem mit te tune of Yankee Toedle.
Enter Aunt, Diana, Col B and black soldiers, fol-
lowed by Gen Tiger—Dead march.

GEN T.—More devils, Corporal, just arrived from
hell—
Keep your eye skinned, now, and guard them
And if these rascals go to put their hits in—
CORP.—I'll blow tem up mit tunder and mit blitzen!
DIANA.—Bloody and guilty, guilty now break, [To
Tiger.

And from our sights dy hateful presence take;—
Tink on Diana, and despair and fly,—
Unquiet, troubled soul, break! break, or die!